

PS 3545

.E87 H3

1922

Copy 1

Happy Thoughts

By Frank Weston



THE GOOD LUCK POEMS

Copyright 1922

FRANK WESTON

HARK! HARK!

(THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.)

Hark! Hark! When the watch dogs bark!
The poets are coming to town,
Some in "glad rags," with trunks and bags,
"And some in velvet gowns."

They've seen the world—heard the brags!
Of folks, red, white, black, yellow brown,
Who rode trains, hacks, autos and nag,
Or trotted like the hounds.

In lass or men thoughts oft drag!
If writing verse, inclined to frown,
Sobbing over their dreamy jag,
And making mournful sounds.

Defeated! Listless they lag!
Financially out—run down.
But this I swear, silk vests I wear,
And in them make my rounds.

My pen no hag! I no fag!
And it nor I won't sting or wound.
Our country love, salute its flag,
And stay in meets and bounds.

HAPPY THOUGHTS, MESSAGES OR SOUVENIRS:

By mail, 75 cents each. In linen covers, \$1.00. Order from FRANK WESTON, Special Address, 4963 Leahy Avenue, care of Mrs. C. Sillito, St. Louis, Mo., who will send books from printers. BUY and TRY. Terms to schools, libraries and agents.

Copyright by Frank Weston.



C. E. O'Hara Printing Co., 300-302 N. 3rd St.

HAPPY THOUGHTS

By Frank Weston

OF SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI



THE GOOD LUCK POEMS

Copyright 1922

FRANK WESTON

Harvard College, Cambridge, made to pay;
Which its founders built in an early day,
The State full of towns and people gay,
Now a Cape Cod canal, a ship's highway,
Between Massachusetts and Buzzard's Bay,
Yankees as ever working away.

"The Old Colony" some fine folks knew,
Joseph Dudley, a Colonial Governor true,
And from his loins a poet grew,
So I was born from purest blue blood blue,
With two ancestors who to Lexington flew,
Starting this country for me and you.

The metropolis, Boston, of renown,
That to no known superior has to look down,
And was and is a brilliant town!
With its "Boston Common," where one walks round,
Sea ships making this port or outward bound,
Pilots aboard who all conditions sound.

Note: I had three ancestors in the Revolutionary War—Captain John Parker and William Dudley at Lexington and Dr. Daniel Cony at Saratoga.

THE MYSTERIOUS SEA.

O, the sea, the mysterious sea,
Is surging, whispering, begging for me,
To come again and view its majesty!
Where to old Neptune we bow the knee,
A sea god of calms and harmony,
Or a giant of much calamity,
Whatever his humor happens to be.
And while man seems a master,
He meets with disaster,
When storms O, sea, sweep over thee.
While oft thy white waves are the watery graves,
Of souls gone from thy depths,
To God and eternity.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

Beautiful flower girls receive from their beaus,
Modist and charming every one knows,
With sweet fragrance that is wafted and goes,
From delicate petals where thy heart shows,
Its depths to the vision, in buds in repose.
Thy perfume superb, it pleasing the nose,
Thou born on bushes that o'er the world grows,
Grand princess supreme! Lovely, elegant rose,
Of many bright colors from heaven's rainbows,
Some perpetual bloomers are until frost and snows,
While the "Sweet Briar" in June-time glows,
With dainty odors, though an ill wind blows.

Love between lovers, thy love mission sows,
Helping wooers, who to sweethearts tiptoes,
Tribute to God, nature, man your being owes,
Perfection solved, the three together bestows,
You grown for decorating joys and woes,
At wedding feasts and on the graves of heroes,
Yes, queen of queens, nothing thee overthrows!
Found in castles, parks, homes, along hedge-rows,
While ever to thee bards verses compose,
On knights in the "War of Roses" you fought as foes,
While in churchyards man's deep sorrows disclose,
There left their dead ones with thee to repose.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Strange, the emotions of the first night,
Beneath the bright stars and the moonlight,
Within their chamber two clinging tight,
Meeting the first time—this first time plight,
Yet it's wonderful, natural and perfectly right,
Those wedding joys full of delight,
'Neath love's impulses, warm and bright,
Each of each other getting a near view sight,
And the race without love would be a fright,
And chaos would reign—it every soul blight,
And like wild beasts each other would bite,
So come on, get married, and then try to live white.

KEEP ON KNITTING.

We hate the man who ever fusses,
A naughty habit, let us say,
And I hold in contempt one who cusses,
Such should break off or go away.

Watch all cads hanging 'round for busses,
They lounge lizards to keep at bay,
In unsettled fam'lies leaving musses,
Who cast the devil in their way.

Friends be real and not sports or huzzies,
Stay at home nights, you should and may,
Support your plans on purity's trusses,
And to your knitting stick and stay.

This advice to be posted, taken!
Though some don't heed it when they play,
But God save the race—the God forsaken,
And for poor weaklings let us pray.

WHAT ABOUT THAT?

And does God damn men when starting life?
At birth? The beginning of one's soul?
If born to face turmoil and carnal strife,
And on rugged pathways with demons roll.

To murder and carry keen weapons and knife,
Then buried, as the death-knell bells toll.
Wantonness and sin, a mistress or wife,
Man, a Bacchus reeling from his flowing bowl!

Corruption and vileness too often rife,
Until in jail or beneath a cold clod knoll.
And while this is true, in part, untrue as a whole,
For Jesus said, "Seek ye another goal,

Repent, weak mortals, and save thy lost soul;
Follow Me, the Master, and in God's name enroll,"
Good souls to live, their dust only with the mole.
But it is well with the unfortunate to condole.

THE LATE CHAMP CLARK.

From us a most worthy statesman has gone,
That nearly seventy-one years back was born,
He starting nicely and bravely kept on,
Facing the Hereafter's promised dawn,
And sweet rest, and this rest came one morn,
His work completed, never more his toga worn,
We of his presence and handclasps shorn,
Dead this giant! Body, brain and brawn.

His patriotic life not in vain!
Meeting grave duties again and again,
Champ Clark a Christsian freed from sin's stain,
At Washington, in Missouri, in storms and rain,
Brilliant scholar, with a clear brain,
And what he said will for long years remain,
All future time his record contain,
He deeply loved—this oft made plain.

This man imparted and felt keen joy!
This Nation backed that nothing it destroy,
Sifting the truth from its foreign alloy,
He from a high standard none could decoy,
But he turned away what would annoy,
While Justice, Mercy and Men he ever would buoy,
Full of facts and with faith in youth would toy,
Using methods safe to employ,

He sought diligently ways of thought,
And to his receptive mind knowledge brought,
As college president and teacher taught,
Born on Kentucky soil—this not forgot,
Then thirteen terms in the Congress got,
Once in line for President, but lost through a plot,
But in high places he cast his lot,
This Democrat—loved by those not.

Note: The bells of a St. Louis Catholic Church tolled as his remains passed by to lie in state at the City Hall. A delicate tribute to a great man and citizen. To a man who had risen above personalities in politics, religion and Americanism. Passing on to his just reward as one of the grand men of the Nation.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SON.

Jimmy Ozias, the blacksmith's son,
Stole some pig iron,
And with it to his dad's forge run,
Making it into a shotgun.

And then just for fun—for fun?
Took the first peace prize
Offered to any wise one,
Who believe shooting birds was overdone.

But Jimmie, of course, told none,
How his ideas from killing to scribbling begun,
Though he was really a son-of-a-gun!
But in his Bible class a peaceful Injun,

Whose advice one would rarely shun.
Though he'd steal anything if it weighed a ton;
So he made a gun and a peace prize won,
He mean as the devil, but as bright as the sun.

"SWEET DADDY."

When a girl calls you, "Sweet Daddy!"
Throws a kiss and a pleasant smile,
You would be a hopeless caddy,
Not to chat and her beguile.

Pleased, indeed, she was not faddy,
But a young thing without guile!
Not prone to be too gabby,
But a real joy worth a pile.

So be glad, poor, hard-boiled daddy,
That to her you raised your tile!
You a wooing, sueing laddie,
In the swim and in the style.

A craving "Finnan haddie,"
With potatoes on to bile,
You her lad—she your lassie,
Going home to love a while.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Our hearts grow fond and tender,
As we sit by the fireside,
In the holy day-time of December,
When benedictions with us abide.
And we watch each hearth-fire ember,
At the welcome Christmas-tide,
Enjoying our feasts and their splendor,
With the blessings of good will allied.

Loving the Christ-child tender,
His Cross by the chimney-side,
In the dying days of December,
While sacred thoughts within us abide,
Recalling that manger's member,
Gifts exchanged at Christmas-tide,
Beneath Heaven's glory and splendor,
With the sweetness of Mary allied.

Every one made tender,
Holidays by their friends' side,
The twenty-fifth of December,
The day many children remember!
Latch strings, opening front doors wide
To guests, love an assembler,
Alive in this Old World of splendor—
To the Hereafter fully allied!

YANKEE LAND.

I'm from the land of clam shells, ocean swells,
There grow the elm, birch, pine and maple,
There blue-blooded Yankees some funny yarns tells;
Eating fish, corn bread and potatoes his staple,
Hoarding Puritan and Pilgrim cults and sea shells,
Hot Boston brown bread and beans estimable,
Cooked to a "T" by worthy she-belles,
Who sit on front porches, also at tables,
Who can climb "hill up" or cross tiny dells;
Many, I say, smart, kind and capable.

In New England homes with bay windows and ells;
Hard by "Mother Goose," Pilgrim's Progress," "Aesop's
Fables."

And when gone off to sea, and some take these spells,
All know where they are, by charts, compass and cable.
While many, lost or drowned, bell-buoys then ring their
knells,

Their souls with God if He deems it profitable.
And one-way excursion rates Saint Peter then sells,
But in the main you'll find Yankees are stable!
And very few live as ne'er do wells,

While some are queer and odd—and that's laughable!
But all made soldiers and faced all war's hells,
And when fully known are not incomprehensible.

IMMORTAL SEED.

Christ wasn't a sere, faded leaf,
Nor did He live in vain;
But soothed vile sinners in their grief,
Yes, promised to redeem them again.

And though on earth His time was brief,
Walked the waves and soothed men's souls in pain!
To sufferers giving relief;
Immortal seed from Hebrew grain!

Which to believers was made plain:
"Come unto Me," His sweet refrain.
Jesus, God's Son! The world's cap-sheaf!
Born to wax, not to wane.

Who on the cross forgave the thief,
Those who watched, if not there to profane.
His words today give the belief,
That a future soul-life we contain.

"Over the river," soon to reign,
Immortal seed, like Christ God's grain!
Which to believers was made plain,
We, born again, free from stain.

MARION, MASSACHUSETTS.

Back East my mind is flitting,
Thinking of epochs dear to me,
Going to school so happy tripping,
Down there at Marion by the sea.
Watching nature, pleasures sipping,
Where our summer place used to be.

Bird Island Light then I saw,
It's a beacon on Buzzard's Bay,
Its revolving lamp first dim then bright,
While good ships and boats sailed away,
Some going around Great Hill way,
There picnics held, a jolly sight.

Some farmers cut salt marsh hay,
Or picked blackberries for a mite,
While the boarders around would lay,
Seeing if fish their hooks would bite;
Or in the pine woods would stray,
Languid till the cool hours of night.

Yet but little I detail,
Islands in Marion's harbor there,
And we'd sail a mile for the mail,
In a small store with prices fair,
So each day someone had to sail
In our cat-boat swift as a hare.

Sometimes to New Bedford gone,
Getting out in the waves' long roll,
Here and there voyaging on,
Once to Wareham and then Wood's Hole,
And for the old days I would pawn,
All but the future of my soul.

And I do miss the clam-bake,
It is an old-fashioned seashore thrill,
With lots of things added folks take
Clams and fish added, eats that fill.
Patterned from feasts the gods make,
So my heart longs for New England still.

Those days healthy sports open;
Fish, game and berries free as air.
While the land into farms was broken,
Having gardens and fruit to share,
While people were friends outspoken,
With big, wild grapes everywhere.

And I'm proud to mention
Massachusetts men were not slow,
They fully free from pretension,
Volunteered and wanted to go
To save the Union, their intention!
They, fighters who struck a death-blow.

Now, in my small room sitting,
Very glad the past to recall,
Looking back, my mind knitting
Dreams of Marion days, one and all,
Thinking of a fierce storm hitting
That land years ago in the fall.

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Homelike, quaint town of Wellesley,
Do you remember me?
I as a little child returning,
The scion of an old family.

And are bright fires yet burning
On hearths for those who'd seek thee?
Yet as I roam from my native state turning,
"Whatever realms to see!"
I find nothing equal to Wellesley,
Nothing of more inherent beauty.

I was born in old Needham neighborhood,
That more than three centuries has understood,
Seeking the best; working for New England's good.
With brilliant men from that vicinity's brood,
An honor to Yankee Land and its noble motherhood!
Chips off the old block of seasoned Puritan wood.

And by a placid, clear lake in Wellesley,
Is Wellesley College, for ladies fair,
That has proved itself a wonder,
Which is an honor rare.
And once I sat in the President's chair.
Yet changes have torn me asunder,
From my old friends so happy there,
In the days of Civil War thunder,
Brave lads enlisting, beyond compare!
While I often played round under
Elm trees, tall and stately everywhere,
While crows the young corn would plunder,
And the jays pick cherry trees bare.
But conditions and a long road sunder
Me from a land first in my heart, I will swear!

MONTEREY.

Brave officers and men fought that day,
Among the heroes with Taylor was Charlie May,
Who spiked Mexico's guns at Monterey,
Each army there in battle array!
One commanded by Santa Ana, one by Taylor gray,
Facing each other, each other to slay.
General Minon marching from far away
To help Mexico win, and decide the fray,
And the American soldiers duly waylay.
But the United States troops held the enemy at bay,
Crushing their advance; their swing and sway;
And under our cannon's fire gave way,

We sending grape and cannister causing dismay!
And cutting men down like a scythe cuts hay,
And father was there and I've heard him say:
"Our forces fought fiercely with our artillery,
And for three years great valor did display,
Till the war closed and the foreigners gave land for pay.

Special Note: My father, Major Nathan Weston, was in the Mexican War as a paymaster under General Taylor, and Charles Weston, his brother, was his clerk.

THE WEE WEANTIT.

O little stream, of thee I dream!
And I often wish I could plan it,
On some happy day to skirt Buzzard's Bay,
And float on the Wee Weantit.

There sea gulls scream, winged angels seem!
While the Wareham road bridge doth span it;
I to drift and play by sand banks that stay,
Watered by the Wee Weantit.

Some day I may! Then I'll be gay!
Amidst oaks, pines and birch that band it;
Around to stray, a camp outfit convey,
And canoe the Wee Weantit.

And so I pray that no delay,
Curbs my desire or what demands it;
For I'll up, make hay, go sailing away,
And steer for the Wee Weantit.

The sun to glow, winds softly blow,
Foxes slying round like a bandit,
Robins, sea birds and crows to know,
At home by the Wee Weantit.

Blackberries grow, wild roses show,
The May flower if you can find it,
In Winter-time snow, white ducks come and go,
Viewing the Wee Weantit.

RIP VAN WINKLES.

There are yet Rip Van Winkles snoozing,
Their tangled locks oft white as snow,
It's not too late such to be choosing,
What will make them better grow;

They all sin and wrong flatly refusing—
They're friends to none, so let both go,
But wake up now! You need enthusing!
It's a sin, friends, you musn't sleep so.

This land has quit its ancient boozing,
A worry and a loathsome blight,
But peddle pep, it's not confusing,
And a winner in life's hard fight.
Bracing one's courage when it is oozing,
Making Van Winkle's wake up bright.
The today's smart topics perusing,
Though with toothless gums you bite.
Hustle! Hunt! Put hounds on the scent,
Then hold the dollars hard and tight,
Getting your own sensible consent,
"Over the top, flying your kite!"
Building a spirit that can prevent,
Others standing in your best light!
Show the world it's your long suit—intent,
To hit the grit; but hit it right.
Young and older Van Winkles often sleepy,
This is unwise, a foolish plan,
It ever undermining, cold and creepy!
And gets you way down if it can.
Growing a flood, from little cups, seepy;
It always best hard drink to ban.
Arise! For big game leave your tepee,
Come forth! Henceforth be a real man.

MONHEGAN.

Stately sentinel combatting the sea,
Bathed by the Atlantic crested white!
While a point, monument of geography,
Is thy ancient, bright Monhegan Light.
A beacon passing sailors see,
Protecting those who otherwise might
Hit reefs and rocks through a fatality
Cast up, where John Smith was in antiquity.

Yachts, ships and steamers oft skirt thy shore,
From their decks of thee getting a sight,
Also fishermen with dories and oar,
Who the elements challenge and fight.

While birds, wild fowl and eagles soar,
From the day's dawn until the shades of night,
Used to fierce winds and old ocean's roar!
These air travelers giving hunters delight.

Monhegan Island, much we owe thee!
Part of New England's coast and its lore;
Your sturdy uprightness a strong plea
To enter, as the Cabots did, your door,

If for rest on Maine you agree,
An asylum from duties that you wore,
So try, Monhegan, cool, sane and free,
That is glad to offer hospitality.

LOOKING BACK.

When old we look back,
On the long beaten track,
Of the years that have gone
Forever!

Knowing what we know,
That too soon we must go,
To realms void of season or
Weather.

And what be our show,
For above or below,
When dead we return again
Never!

Our candle burned out,
All broken life's bowl,
Once useful and made very
Clever.

So onward we roll,
To the grave's rounded knoll,
Dead after the last breath
Endeavor.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

And he is dead! Yes, gone to sleep,
The dreamless sleep that's free from pain,
And while today sad mourners weep,
We know our friend lived not in vain.
A Christian's tenets he did keep,
When shone the sun or fell the rain.
And far within pure waters deep,
Matured his life to golden grain.
He in God's fold a perfect sheep,
Washed in Christ's blood till free from stain,
Good seed he sowed, he now doth reap,
And so with God he can remain.
So pray, rejoice! And let him sleep,
Nor feel our sorrows or our pain,
For he is where they never weep,
Nor a thing there that is in vain.
And the desires of God all keep,
Where all is bright and free from rain,
And in each heart His love sinks deep,
Who guards these souls of human grain.
Christ, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who entered God's home free from stain,
And what He sowed the good can reap,
And through all time above remain.

THE CITY POLICE.

We find in large cities well trained policemen,
Who have fought evils time, time and again.
Who shadow their beats and in dark alleys have been,
Who have trailed and caught the criminals often.
Shot down by bad crooks or hurt now and then,
Yet sending the wild men off to the State pen.
Whose records vary from one term to past ten,
Yet policemen mouse round, closing den after den.

Prompt on the job as a six o'clock anthem,
Rung from some church spire not far off from them.
All cities' safety, patrolmen, mounted men,
They close to their job as a setting hen,
Some on the force so long we've forgot when,
Such worthy our prayers: God bless them! Amen!

THE PRIZE HEN.

What do you think of a prize hen?
A hen that can go out and scratch!
An egg a day layer, and then,
Sit on her eggs and hatch a batch!
Hatch off a brood to fill a pen—
But the mother of them—their match.
Think of her joy at motherhood!
The weeds her soft nest and its thatch.
She hunting the things that look good,
Not taking any time to patch
Her chick's fluffy down, if she could?
But out and off more bugs to catch.
And this hen's feathers are colored brown,
She loves grit, spring water and good food,
Saturdays her eggs go to town,
The whitest from our neighborhood.
Said the clerk, as I got cash down,
"Your hen's eggs beat your sawing wood!"
And she's not so tired or sore.
Yes, said I, yes, sir. You are right!
She's as good as your country store.
And in her we take a delight,
Five years ago she feathers wore,
But I don't see she fails a mite.
She's a prize hen. We use her white,
She's fed beef scrap at six, then at four,
We keep her welfare before our sight,
And count her young flock o'er and o'er,
While she roosts on the roost each night,
By a rooster she does adore.

If she was a chicken—well, I might,
The little thing learn to adore.
But she isn't, this fact I recite,
And if she was, I'd prove a bore,
And that, that wouldn't be polite,
So on the prize hen I'll shut the door.

THE MAY KING.

I'm to be King of the May, mother!
Happiest man of the day!
And the May Queen will be there, mother,
Dressed in her garments gay.
So let us get up at dawn, mother,
All ready to start away.
We are to meet my true sweetheart, mother!
So full of youth and play;
She soon to be your daughter, mother!
For with us she's to stay.
So, tomorrow be on hand, mother!
It is the first glad day of May.
We'll rally 'round the May-pole, mother!
Though the morn's mists look gray;
Everyone glad—not sad, mother,
In holiday array—display!
The hours now not so long, mother,
Till the morrow's swing and sway.

THOUGHT LIKE A RIVER.

Thought, like a river, doth run,
Sometimes crooked, sometimes straight,
It knows sorrow, enjoys fun,
And when profound we call it great!
In infancy it is begun,
And follows life all hours late,
A fact known to many a one.
Some it has made, some undone,
But in man's mind it don't abate.
It can keep dark, glow as the sun—
But is the lever that moves one's fate.

THE PRESIDENT'S LADY.

O, God above! Let me consecrate
Loving words of truth to demonstrate
The virtue of our President's mate,
Who as wife and mother doth instate
Christian character and wisdom great,
That the White House now doth illuminate!

While her good will friends' hearts permeate,
Enhancing with joy their daily fate,
She an American, up to date,
And the same from sunrise until late,
A remarkable woman, the estimate
Which editors' pens truthfully relate!

Warren G. Harding's wife—Lady of State!
Her charming manners never abate,
But move us all and deeply elate,
Writers and bards and pious prelate,
She standing by Heaven's open gate,
Moved by God's love, not desecrated by hate.

And while many lives do fluctuate,
Becoming corrupt, degenerate,
She remains steadfast, inviolate,
To her deepest vows and their mandate,
Before God an accepted candidate,
As her pure mind with worthy thoughts vibrate.

WASHINGTON AND HIS TIMES.

The Father of His Country well stated, true,
A surveyor and guide in the New World new,
Mount Vernon's head and a gentleman from any view,
Who helped Nancy Ross form the Red, White and Blue,
Our noble emblem and a legacy to you.

Washington, the first President of our land,
Shaping its destiny 'neath God's will and hand,
That later a greater United States planned,
After the Mexican War that our troops manned,
Yet thirteen States' weal Washington did command.

Statesman, churchman, general, superbly grand!
Who to victory led the Continental band,
Who foes and misery had learned to withstand,
While financial chasms they successfully spanned,
Till into hot fires Liberty's flames were fanned.

And from the Revolution came our Nation's day,
The Fourth of July when the big brass bands play,
And orators talk and have fine things to say,
Of George Washington's times and what they portray,
The foundation of FREEDOM to last for aye.

And brave Lafayette left France to help out, too,
With Baron Steuben who found fighting to do,
And both to Washington's aid gallantly flew,
So we honor these friends and their deeds review,
And on their graves yet beautiful flowers strew.

But more exalted was our man in his way,
As a commander! One fit to obey.
From his youth up serious and rarely gay,
Born with dignity noble blood doth convey,
He like Jupiter around which the gods play.

So hearken, friends, now to this far past essay,
Loving George Washington from childhood until gray,
For he left good advice, that if followed may
Make us wise, better and every heart sway,
This manly man's record, who fought for fair play.

And Stewart painted Washington's profound face,
Adding a smile, and Democracy we trace,
Worn under the velvet, gold buckles and lace,
The Union formed without crown, scepter or mace,
As the laws of this land, the people preface.

"REASONABLE SERVICE."

To me God seems a Father,
My hope and authority.
He calls me to chimes up higher,
Though is close, through affinity.
And daily my life doth inspire,
Wherever I chance to be.

And "reasonable service" He doth require,
Both from thee and from me.
But let us feel and admire,
His supreme force and divinity,
Protected from His wrath, His ire,
Through our humble humility.
And let it be our desire,
That in us, His children we'll be,
Touched by sparks from His soul's fire,
Ever burning bright and free.
While of His grace we'll never tire,
Ours now and through eternity.

THE CLOCK IN THE SPIRE.

How pleasant to look on the face of the clock,
As it smiles at you from its spire,
While not striking silent, but of time it can talk!
Of use, and it the people admire.
We watch it if riding or out on a walk,
It's peering down on younglings and sire,
At many condemned hearts its hands point and knock,
While the good before midnight retire,
And lovers see it from park, road or rock,
Where sometimes they more time require,
But on Sundays to church these sweethearts flock,
Face to face, 'neath the clock's face up higher.
And such count the minutes and so does the clock,
Each day wee babies drawn nigher,
And so let us live that good Saint Peter won't balk,
Or send us to that pit full of fire.
So think of the clocks on town halls or church block,
Or exact Standard Time kept by wire,
It's correct ever, it you need never dock;
As it's not wrong like a liar.
And Western Union don't try to mock,
It's prompt as a railroad flyer,
And though tolling bells all sad mourners shock,
Clocks measure time, that often of them we require.

THERE WAS A—

There was a man
Indeed there was!
And while he was,
Many found flaws,
And beat his cause,
Of writing saws.

And just because
He wrote odd saws,
Got no applause,
He closed his jaws,
Then dead he was,
Dead as his saws.

GOD'S CALL.

Today I face my doom!
God's call upon the way,
While the shadows of the tomb,
Around my last hours play.
And the pillars of Heaven loom,
As my soul to them doth stray,
My new birth soon to assume,
Its full right to an endless day.

Alone we meet death's doom!
Yet God's light shines on the way,
Ever here, beyond the tomb,
On and up where good angels play,
Abounding where mansions loom,
And those chosen, to Christ stray,
Near the Master we presume,
Who holds for all the Perfect Day.

So face life's fate—its doom!
As we walk the Narrow Way,
Dust to dust within the tomb,
While in Glory spirits play!
Ours the fabric in God's loom,
Gathered threads once prone to stray;
Saved at last we may presume,
Sanctified, holy, day by day.

ILLINOIS.

Stand forth, Great Lakes State, Illinois!
The "Sucker State," we've heard and been told,
Aye, succors all within her fold,
Ever wealthy, with hearts pure as gold,
Thy farms and lands rich and fit to hold,

You, a powerful State, Illinois!
A time-tried State full of joys,
With Lowden and Cannon well known "boys."
Your people diplomatic envoys,
With Chicago, a city millions employs.

"Superior man" land, Illinois!
Abraham Lincoln's corpse in thy mould,
Who freed the blacks during the war bold,
Nobody now bought, traded or sold,
As Grant, Logan and others enrolled,

Till the Negro voted, Illinois,
And Freedom lived full of joys,
With the Fields and McCormicks good "boys."
These people all smart and good envoys,
They full of business and duties it employs.

At the tip-top stands Illinois,
Your deeds full of merit duly enscrolled,
With not a man out in the cold,
And Old Glory before all enrolled,
While school and church bells are daily tolled,

This all in the State of Illinois,
Where from all nations they welcome "boys,"
Who as citizens taste her joys,
Your leaders all shrewd and wise envoys,
Who for the largest commerce their time employs.

Note: Illinois in the Indian language means "superior men."

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22, 1919.

Dear Mr. Weston:

I remained in St. Louis only two days, helping the preliminary arrangements for the Johnson meeting, and then was obliged to proceed to Kansas City and Denver, and other western points, with the result that your letter did not reach me until it was forwarded here to Washington.

I am sorry that I did not receive it in time to bring it to the attention of the committee who had in charge Senator Johnson's St. Louis meeting. Your lines are very strong, indeed, and I feel sure it would have done great good to have read them to the audience which assembled at the Coliseum. We certainly need to remind our people at this hour of the "Spirit of '76."

Very sincerely yours,

LEE MERIWETHER.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Sink or swim, survive or perish!

These are words we all need today,
In our hearts their thoughts to cherish!

Washington's hope, from far lands keep away.
The League of Nations, will it pay?

I will not stand upon this sod,
My forefathers' sod and say,

That I am ever in accord,
With foreign lands to sign our rights away!

Two kinsmen at Lexington,
One more at Saratoga Day,

Dad, paymaster at Monterey,
And damned be he who ties the cord,
To lead my land astray!

The '76 spirit, a home one!
 With Monroe doctrines born to stay,
 American precepts ever,
 So for the United States fight and pray,
 The League of Nations, will it pay?
 I will not stand upon this sod,
 My forefathers' sod, and say,
 That I am ever in accord,
 With foreign lands, to sign our rights away!
 Two kinsmen at Lexington,
 One more at Saratoga Day!
 Dad paymaster at Monterey,
 And damned be he who ties the cord,
 To lead my land astray!
 This the land of free endeavor!
 Freedom's greatest inheritance,
 Why old forms for League writs sever?
 Have you weighted the consequence?
 Treaties O. K., cry out forever!
 I will not stand upon this sod,
 My forefathers' sod, and say,
 That I am ever in accord,
 With foreign lands, to sign our rights away!
 Two kinsmen at Lexington,
 One more at Saratoga Day!
 Dad paymaster at Monterey,
 And damned be he who ties the cord,
 To lead my land astray!
 Are we cowards? No. God, never!
 Then why have consorts far away?
 Our land, wise and strong and clever!
 Right here let's stand! Live or die who may!
 The League of Nations, will it pay?
 I will not stand upon this sod,
 My forefathers' sod, and say,
 That I am ever in accord,
 With foreign lands, to sign our rights away!
 Two kinsmen at Lexington,
 One more at Saratoga Day!

Dad paymaster at Monterey,
And damned be he who ties the cord,
To lead my land astray!

Let us our home needs study,
Friends, why fear yonder lands' array?
The world has found us brave, ruddy,
Why Europe's League game have to play?
The League of Nations, will NOT pay!
I will not stand upon this sod,

My forefathers' sod, and say,
That I am ever in accord,

With foreign lands, to sign our rights away!
Two kinsmen at Lexington,

One more at Saratoga Day!
Dad paymaster at Monterey,

And damned be he who ties the cord,
To lead my land astray!

Historical Note: Captain John Parker (on father's side) and William Dudley (on mother's side) were at Lexington. Dr. Daniel Cony (on father's side), of Augusta, Maine, was a surgeon in the Continental Army under Benedict Arnold, and was at Saratoga. My father, Nathan Weston, was a paymaster under Gen. Taylor with the rank of major and was injured at Monterey in the Mexican War.

DEATH CALLS.

And if I'm with you no more,
The lot of the children of men,
I'll think of you o'er and o'er,
And what to me you have been.
I'll think of the dress that you wore,
The first time we met—and when,
You, the only one fit to adore,
So I longed for you again and again!
As you smiled from your open door,
When I passed along by now and then.

But we'll meet on earth no more,
For death calls all children of men,
Yet think of me o'er and o'er,
And what I to you have been.

You saving the dress that you wore,
The first time we met and when,
And please, darling, the Lord God adore,
That above we meet again and again!
My spirit in God's open door,
Or alighting on you now and then.

EASTER.

Hark! The Easter bells are ringing!
Easter lilies on display,
Through the world men's voices dinning!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Devoutly say,
Easter flowers alters trimming,
Our hearts and souls glad and gay,
Holy news from Christ's cross bringing:
He's RISEN INDEED"—LIVES for aye!

Grim death conquered, man's sinning,
Full of saints God's Narrow Way,
While forever LOVE is winging,
From manger and tomb where Christ lay.
Death clothes left, to Him not clinging,
He gone forth, our debts to pay.
His SACRED HEART for us brimming,
While the grave stone he rolled away.

Christ vanquished sin's dire stinging!
His empty grave we survey,
Ever hearing his voice winning!
Praying us God's laws to obey.
PRAISE THE LORD! Hosannas singing!
He escaped the sepulchre gray,
From sinners their evils flinging,
Who seek REDEMPTION—and all may.

THE JEWS' REQUEST.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me, said one, and coming,
Be at rest.

There's a bosom, open—candid—
Ours if we invest,
In a Friend, His love becoming,
All its blest.

He was by nails and spears branded,
It an awful test!
The last hours on the Cross numbing
His sad breast.

But the world peace he handed,
In humble meekness,
While the Jews His life demanded!
Their request!

KENTUCKY.

My heart overflows, ever wells,
When I think of "Old Kentucky" and her belles!
Her rivers, and springs, valleys and fells,
Hills, mountain-heights, fruit, flowers and dells,
Yea! with a just pride my tender soul swells,
As I dream of that State where truth always dwells,
Where glory and pride she ever impels!
And burdens and sorrows promptly dispels.

Kentucky robed in blue-grass gown!
There race horses, farms, ranches, many a town;
The climate mild, God's sun looking down
On ev'rything, that in plenty abound!
There the best tobacco into hands are wound,
Amidst laughter, song and music's sound!
While an incense from Heaven floats around—
Sin being chased like a fox by a hound.

My Beulah land! Brave Kentucky!
Her people grow rich, because wise or lucky,
Hunting big game, deer and wild turkey,
In trees or brush, while lassies of beauty
Await men's bidding and every home duty,
World-famed dames, worthy prizes, and love's booty,
And "uncle and auntie" still sweethearts though sooty!
Both white and black a-courting their "Sweet Cookie."

Kentucky's marvel, Mammoth Cave,
A wonderland that makes foreign sightseers rave,
Soft rains, nature scenery, springs bathe
Her rich soil, growing crops the thrifty save,
Her voters never acting the feudal knave,
Blue and Gray and late heroes in their grave.
Honor Kentuck', through valor they gave,
And in spiritual waters their souls lave.

Say, sar! was you born thar in "Ole Kaintuck"?
Where fine milk the calves and pigs suck,
Where there's extra plenty—God bless the luck!
Where fond mothers their sweet babies tuck
On bosoms soft as that of the eider duck.
Where dad can in a day two loads of corn shuck,
And reach home at sundown, a deer on him stuck,
His family a-waitin', things run chuck-a-luck.

BOOKS.

What is a book?
Many gathered words—
Sentences we see,
On paper pages there,
That makes us study—think!
Laugh, cry, sigh, rage,
Or what their thoughts declare.

And books may stay,
If not lost by fate,
Though we pass away,
They kept to read somewhere,
And let us wisely state,
Choose books of weight,
That teaches lessons rare.

There's books profound,
Many books not sound,
As airy as Vanity Fair,
A few of all sense bare,
But in wise books are bound,
Th' best knowledge found,
And of these th' world takes care.

BIRDS IN MAY.

And the birds were singing sweetly,
In the balmy month of May,
Their new nests built snug and neatly,
In the tall trees by the way,
In the tall trees by the way,
Their nests all made so neatly,
In the tall trees by the way.

They so happy, yes, completely,
Flying round so bright and gay,
As they built, sang and then fleetly,
In the heavens flew away,
As they sang! then fleetly,
Cleaved the air and flew away,
Cleaved the air and flew away.

And today my thoughts are fleeing,
To the Springtime's green array,
Again the pretty birds seeing,
Around my home, day by day,
In the thickets ev'ry day.
Again many song birds seeing,
That with their mates loved to play.
This Spring I'm old, to God kneeling,
For I'm feeble, bent and gray,
The infirmities of age stealing,
Over me to cling for aye,
That will cling to me for aye,
Yet my heart is still young feeling,
Young yet! And that way may it stay.

IOWA.

Iowa, on to great things speed,
Receiving blessings that you need,
You now a fine State, indeed!
And may thy warm heart never bleed,
But bear us a well-trained steed;
You for justice and above greed,
And the cry of the weak to ever heed.

Keep from thy soil ev'ry weed,
That it can the multitudes feed.
And to God, you onward lead,
What be your heart's desire or creed,
And in you littleness don't breed,
And for a good life pray and plead,
And then your sturdy people will succeed.

Iowa, thy hand let us hold,
It's worthy, strong and never cold,
Helping many, young and old,
Who come or were born in thy fold,
They to make good by work on thy mould,
As did their dads, pioneers bold,
Who from the earth a fortune rolled.

May you with friends share your lot,
Knowing honest wealth has brought,
Joyful days through good things got,
By all who toiled and success sought,
Hoping and waiting and fearing not,
By good school systems soundly taught,
Though some children on money short.

ONLY MEMORY LEFT.

Today I am alone and lonely!
Yes, tired and weary I have grown,
Those I loved now dead or absent,
Their lips not near—near my own!

They now in the land up yonder,
While in my heart, I for them moan!
Recalling them through my memory,
It a jewel and my only own.

And may it cling to me forever,
As I am old and all alone,
With no hope of new ties ever,
So memory sit by my hearthstone,
And make me think of old friends clever,
As when you are gone—I'll have none.

TEXAS.

Texas! "Old Texas," fit, noble State!
The largest, broadest, and Good as Great.
What you do shows judgment, force and weight.
Up at sunrise, busy, never late!
Full of beauty and free from hate,
Your Uncle Sam you do elate!
Your home folks wise, keen and up to date.
Who love big Texas, they did create.

Texas raises cotton, hay crops, grains,
Hogs and cattle pasture, rolling plains;
Ponies, horses, mules travel her lanes,
Immense her wealth with increasing gains,
Her climate mild, oft-needed rains,
Above all the good will retains,
It never tarnishes, never wanes,
While winds of hope move her weather-vanes.

Sound American territory,
With a heart of clean, loyal glory,
Once a young government, herself free.
But now in the United States, she
Enjoying FREEDOM'S affinity!
United with th' States eternally,
Her record one of long victory!
Well known to those who read carefully.

Texas, way down south in Dixie Land,
Reaching the wending Rio Grande,
Washed by waves upon her gulf-side strand,
In Mexico's war, with us hand in hand,
Sturdy Texans! Dead shots! a fierce band,
Naught for Mexicans North if planned,
Such can't beat Texas, thoroughly manned,
This all line jumpers must understand.

I dream of thee, Texas! All men's pride,
Upon her soil many a fair bride;
Lovely warm mates to be by one's side,
Willing to help and with you abide,

Autoing, riding on mesas wide,
That all of New England could hide,
Their hearts beating, by love tied,
As on thy long roads they live and ride.

Far-seeing State, thy wisdom gives fame!
Resources and homes for man and dame.
A land once wild, by hard work made tame!
Owning THE BEST, thy deepest long aim,
Today rising high, far above blame.
God bless Texas, her folks, her game!
She despises laws, eccentric or lame,
Joe dandy State, always just the same.

The "Lone Star State" up, coming and glad,
But I say so, don't make her real mad!
Don't try to pinch her with some weak fad,
Use her nicely, she won't stand the gad,
You'll wish you hadn't if you had,
Remember true Texans hate what's bad,
So talk turkey! smoke and smile, my lad!
And stand and cling to some Texas dad.

Sam Houston became a Texan true!
Learn his deeds, they are now up to you,
As first Governor, smooth things did do,
He a United States Senator, too.
A leader of men! He put things through!
A born scout, knowing how the winds blew,
A giant, God made, with a brain that KNEW,
And lover he of the "Red, White and Blue."

Houston and Texas topics to view!
Old Sam rests, but his State bright, yet new;
Waiting, ready, good settlers to woo.
So load your schooners, the horses shoe!
Call the kiddies—Johnnie and Sue,
Bill, Andy, Tom and brown-haired Miss Lou,
The lads to drive stock, the girls to sew,
Going to Texas where big crops grew.

TWO LITTLE SHOES.

Two little shoes
Beneath a tiny bed;
Our baby's crib,
That we've let stay.
On the soft pillow,
Once a curly head,
That God loved so,
He took it away.

Sweet little shoes
Of leather, colored red,
His high chair, bib,
And toys for play.
Yet now a willow
Grows o'er the dead,
That God loved so,
He took him away.

Mourn little shoes!
Thy beloved one fled;
Hushed its voice glib,
It's mute today!
Over life's billow
His spirit long sped,
That God loved so,
He took it away.

ONCE OURS.

And these were ours!
The little ones passed away;
Now in Heaven's bouquet of flowers,
And in God's heart to stay.
His and ours who cheered the hours,
When in our homes they used to play.
Now angels with the Higher Powers,
Beyond life's veil, pure and gay!
Forever immortal flowers,
Blooming in the Everlasting Day.

Beyond time and temporal hours,
Showing perfection in perfection's way
Growing without soil, air or showers,
But under laws they must obey,
Given by the God of all Powers,
He ever near and not far away,
The Creator of earth's sun and showers,
The Promised Land and the Immortal Day.

MAINE, THE PINE-TREE STATE.

New England's largest State, by the sea,
Thy sons and daughters, high-minded and free,
Farms, fisheries, forests, wealth, back of thee,
Life teeming 'neath birch, pine and spruce tree.
Ancient mariners found thee in antiquity.
They sires of the peculiar Yankee.

Casco Bay, Monhegan, Seguinn Isle,
Rockland, Camden, Fort Point, Castine beguile,
Bucksport, Belfast, Machias on tourists smile,
When to these resorts they travel the long mile,
While anywhere "down East" one can rest a while,
In simple garb or in the latest style.

Enjoying the Pine Tree State of renown,
With Bowdoin College out at Brunswick town,
Then to Portland, Bangor, Bar Harbor, down
Maine way, robed in nature's fresh gown,
Viewing homes and plenty on welcome ground,
For from Old York to Eastport the glad hand is found.

Augusta, the capital of wonderful Maine,
The whole State a-keeping what they earn and gain,
Splendid State, up to date you labor not in vain,
Big crops grown fast in sun, fogs and rain,
While those away ever yearn to see thee once again,
Climb Mt. Katahdin, walk each road and lane.

Proud Maine! I love thee devotedly,
There Longfellow wrote poems superbly,
The Cary and Kellog girls sang brilliantly,
The Abbotts, other great scribes, wrote nobly.
And filled many book shelves abundantly,
With fiction or facts smiling trustfully.

All mountain and valley streams trout store,
Moosehead Lake hunters and travelers adore,
While winter adds brisk sports when snow storms soar,
Quaint, quiet life 'round an old home at Livermore,
Washburn's there, then to Congress four states sent the
four,
Brilliant brothers and honest to the core.

Note: Elihu B. Cadwallader, William D. and Israel Washburn were all in Congress in 1860, from Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There were five brothers, all born in Maine. And Israel, a Maine Governor, married my aunt, Mary Webster of Orono.

YES, SHE KNOWS!

Women go through the day,
Wearing up to date clothes,
With long nighties for night,
She knows, yes, she knows!

She's the pride of the land
Wherever she goes,
While the sweeter she grows,
As she walks in silk hose,

And talks to the beaux,
If or not the wind blows,
But she knows! She knows!
Life's joys and its woes—

So why her oppose,
When her pure love she
shows,
For all understand
In or out of her clothes?

She wears what she sews,
Before her friends and her
foes,
And has an ear and a nose
For man's "Ah's!" and his
"Oh's!"

VAGRANCY.

Are we in touch?
Do we comprehend,
What is vagrancy?
Its options and blend,
Its point of starting,
Its servile end,
The idle attend.

Why do many
Towards it oft trend?
Should ever any
To it condescend?
It is of no value,
And not a God-send,
Wanton lives to spend.

It is not a duty,
That it doth offend,
And a bad habit,
All loafers should mend.
No vagrant is free,
To want he must bend,
On him famine tend.

THE NIGHTMARE.

How the shadows kept moving!
Passing up and down the wall,
Pantomimes, sleep removing!
As they'd beckon, lear and loll.
Outside the cold winds blowing,
We so dumb, we could not call!
It awful, this terror knowing,
And alone! That worst of all.
Fierce, ghostly, goblins showing!
Mouths agape, ready to squall,
Into death heads some growing,
At midnight out to appall.
Then we'd sweat, chill and smother,
As the ghosts would claw and haul,
You longing so! Wishing for mother,
To sit by you in her shawl.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Whose up to date poems seem best?
James Whitcomb Riley's thrill, give zest,
Uplift, and with his ideas abound,
Filling the reader's breast
With gems, like Eddie Guest,
Whose verse in some papers abound.
Jim Riley loved children—was gay!
And that's why, the very way,
We know this Hoosier's poems today,
While they in the mind play,
Pleasing a few millions,
From young folks to those getting gray.
So long ere his death his themes blest!
Because they created interest;
Telling through sight and sound,
Good things from East to West,
Then he won a penman's crest,
And on his ears men's cheers did resound.

WATCH YOUR STEP.

There was a man in our town,
Always chuck full of pep!
And he did jazz and buck around,
And step a fancy step!
He was the beau of the beaux,
And kept up this great rep,
And all the ladies smiled at him,
And shouted out, "Hep! Hep!"
He was, indeed, an all-around man,
From his feet to his neck!
Trailing the women like a hound,
Yes, followed like old Shep.
But I whisper this to you,
He made a bad "miss" step,
He got too thick with fat and slim,
And died a total wreck.

UP FROM BOSTON.

Say, can I go back?
Will I go back?
To the "Pine Tree" State
Oft talked on?
It's a Northeast tack,
By land or sea track
Both running up from
Boston.

But do let me tell
Of a charming belle
That every dollar Joe
Lost on;
For she gave him pain,
Left him once and again,
But till he broke she
Bossed on!

This happened in Maine,
Where the vain and the vane,
Point the way, way back
To Boston;
To some long, long lane,
Where you lose or you gain,
In the gold-dome town
Of Boston.

Yet from spots or stain,
Please try to refrain,
As you wend your way
To Boston;
For virtue is there,
So of it take care,
It's ever the pride
Of Boston!

THE POTATO.

I once met an Irish potato,
Whose eyes were flirting with me,
I said, "You're a meal agitator,
Look out! Or soon mashed you will be."

"Ha, ha!" said the Irish potato,
"I'm good, just taste me and see,
Of home living, prime investigator,
Suiting the whole world to a T."
So I cooked that mealy potato,
Its 'the stuff, yes indeed, O Gee!
Fine as a ripe, red tomato,
Whose blushes are ruddy and free.
American bred, the Irish potato,
Eaten here, over the sea,
A gift from nature's Creator,
More used than the onion and pea,
Good friend, boiled or baked, the potato,
To this we all can agree,
Outclassing rice, an imitator,
Which the Chinaman says, "I'll eatee."
But the "murphies" have their own worthy nature,
And are good living where they may be,
And for short we call them just taters,
"And pertaties for long," says Mrs. Murphy.

EVELYN.

In my heart I worship a name, it is this—
A name so sweet and so rare,
Belonging to a charming miss,
With hazel eyes and coal black hair,
And lips as red as cherries to kiss,
And ways that with angels compare.
Evelyn! Evelyn! Wonderful name!
And mine with it she may wear,
Adding my good will, devotion and fame,
For I'd be her true knight I swear,
And so I've asked her to play love's game,
And with me bear and forbear.
Evelyn! Evelyn! It is a shame,
I'm not now with you somewhere,
But near or far, pure love, love is just the same,
So for you I'll do and dare!
You elegant, winsome, healthy dame,
So I send these thoughts through the air.

THE SWEEPER.

There is a sweeper,
Whose name is death!
He sweepeth whom he will.
From out of man,
He sweeps the breath,
And then man's life is nill.
From chaos death ran,
With time began,
Penetrating with a chill.
While it's God's plan,
To end life's span,
By death oft sent to kill.
Christ escaped this ban,
God's Son, God's Man!
Left hope all hearts to fill.
And so today,
Saved spirits may,
Leave graves beneath earth's hill,
So we Christians say—
Souls pass away,
To heaven and its thrill,
And there obey,
God's perfect way,
Where goodness is not ill.

AN ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Now as I lay me down to rest,
Let me in prayers to Jesus invest,
Place my head upon His breast,
I, awaking from sleep, refreshed,
Christ with me whom I love best!
Mamma with Him in happiness,
And papa, all friends please do bless;
My sisters and kinsfolk keep from distress,
And let each one, one another caress;
Moved by God's love and holiness!
We day by day more to each other, but never less,
Bound by God's mercy and graciousness!
That guides us through earth's wilderness,
Into God's city of blessedness.

RAISINS AND SANTA.

Good, old-fashioned raisins,
On you Santa Claus smiled,
At Christmas time traveling,
While in homes presents he piled.
Big bundles oft unwrapping,
As down the chimneys he filed,
Raisin whisky then not sapping,
Men's brains till they were wild.
In the old days good Bourbon tapping,
In toddy, tasty to a child,
While nuts and raisins palates beguiled,
Known to kings, yeoman and gypsy,
Raisins, just plums, and very mild,
Never thinking of getting you tipsy,
Their virtue undefiled,
As Santa rode roofs, shingled or tiled.

POWDER MAKES HEROES.

Go back to school, honey!
Yes, and powder your nose,
You can powder yourself, but—
But I'd leave out your toes.
So here's to you, Miss "Lip Stick!"
And your talcum that glows,
White as a result you—you,
Line up with she, heroes.
And at a frivolous teacher throws,
A light on his ideas and woes,
As your decision you got in a clock's tick,
And down on the records it goes.

Note: An Arkansas girl was expelled from school because she used face powder. Judge W. W. Bandy said, in part, in his decision: "Our schools are the foundation of our civilization. They make our country the greatest on earth. The question at hand is of greater importance (American liberty). I don't see why it would interfere with the public welfare or health to use talcum. So Miss Pugsley will return to school."

THE SOUL.

"For men may come
And men may go,
But I go on forever."

Yet the life of the soul
It journeys on,
Its goal in God ever!

Its path lying straight
Through Saint Peter's gate,
Who sees our endeavor

Who knows our fate,
Watching early and late,
And he's off duty never!

But if sin takes full toll,
Such with God don't enroll,
As the good from the base
He doth sever.

While LIFE'S waters flow,
To save all below,
It passing by forever!

THE REAL ESTATE MAN.

Yes, I've met the Real Estate Man,
And my patience he's often tried,
Submitting some abnormal plan,
While he'd softly grunt,
Like mamma pig's runt,
And never forget to smile.

I've seen dogs run off with a can,
It to their little tails tied,
But these men's tongues faster ran,
While they'd softly grunt,
Like a nursing runt,
Watching your face all the while.

Their big bargains you could not ban,
Their innocent ways without guile,
As your face with words they would fan,
And if you were blunt,
They'd give a low grunt,
And write your name on their file.

The first real estate deals began,
Round the Tigris, Euphrates and Nile,
Then on to Bersheba and Dan,
It now a Globe stunt,
Yet some will and some won't,
Out of the "biz" make a pile.

TENNESSEE.

I love the State, "Volunteer State!"
The splendid State of Tennessee.
Healthful mountain and valley country,
With rivers that pass majestically.
Stand, Tennessee! Grand Tennessee!
Rejoice! Speak! Sing gleefully!
The land of love, your God above,
Guarding you eternally.

Thy stately homes all dear to me!
With codes of Justice—Morality,
And where I roam or where I be,
My heart is thine—sweet Tennessee.
Ho, Tennessee! Glow, Tennessee!
Rejoice! Speak! Sing hopefully,
The land of love, your God above,
Guarding you eternally.

You verdure decked with forest tree,
Knowledge, wit and philanthropy,
Nature aglow in Tennessee,
Teeming with wealth, humanity!
Warm Tennessee! Swarm Tennessee!
Rejoice! Speak! Sing joyfully!
The land of love, your God above,
Guarding you eternally.

Patriot soldiers born in thee,
Of Jackson's grit and York's bravery,
Upright and sturdy; pure and holy,
In thy State by the Mississippi.
So, Tennessee! Go Tennessee!
Rejoice! Speak! Sing lustily,
Wise land of love, your God above,
Guarding you eternally,

Sow, Tennessee! Grow, Tennessee!
Daughters and sons of quality,
Pure in mind, heart and loyalty!
Following their "Starry Flag's" destiny,
Do, Tennessee! You, Tennessee!
Rejoice! Speak! Sing devotedly,
You wrapped in love from God above,
Who guards you eternally.

THE MAN NEVER KISSED.

Where is the man who never was kissed?
Where does he now reside?
Who is that vamp the women have missed?
Where in the world can he hide?
Has he been tried? Foiled by a twist?
Not allowed in Love's carriage to ride?
Are there many more on the unkissed list
On the waters of life or the earth broad and wide,
Was he a coward? Or failed to persist?
The weaker sex known not to sit by his side?
And was he struck dumb by Hate's big fist?
Or pushed down hill like a toboggan untied!
But my man! What man could some girl resist?
Nor get next to a mate, a sweetheart or bride,
And was he wrong or wronged? Tell I insist,
This freak of nature, to nature unallied,
On whose kissless cheeks no kiss would abide!

Note: A Michigan University man claims he never was kissed. But right here he gets a poem.

NANTUCKET.

It's a wonderful out to sea "Island,"
A part of North America's "Vineland,"
And deep in my heart Nantucket will lay,
Once on thy shores, going from the mainland,
So I think of thee oft off Cape Cod way,
Your folks intelligent with handy hands,
Mostly fishermen and old salts, I'll say.

Born on thy surface of soil, rock, sea sand,
Where star, moon and sunlight forever play,
Men from over seas into your ports stray,
And the respectable respect command,
Your hearts a harbor with a snug leaway,
Amidst long, high waves your "White Mountains"
grand
They oft fierce monsters that conquer and slay.

How fierce only "sea dogs" understand,
Captains and sailors who make ships obey,
Yet obey God! Who the universe planned!
Fit teachers real sea knowledge to convey;
And to "land lubbers" a hard headed band,
As they splice, hoist sails and ends belay,
Then watch and watch on their fine clean decks stand.

Nantucket's bell ringing crier would bay,
Singing out loud, "All is well! All is well!"
Here comes a boat in, we thought astray,
It's crossing the bar! Then all hearts would swell,
The lost returned! Saved! For whom friends did pray.
Also weather news the watchman would tell,
Using his voice where yarns thrive to this day!

A thrifty spot, a pearl and a sea shell!
"Island Home" of the young, grown-up and gray.
Contented from birth till death's knell,
Though oft sailing on long voyages away,
Seeing foreign countries, every belle,
These keen observers of tides, winds and spray,
Wise, prize whale hunters to a fare-you-well.

SATISFIED INDEED.

Thou art lovely daintiness!
And what I most need,
Is for the owner of it,
To bear me like a steed;
Displaying charms and gentleness,
When nuptial hours we'll feed,
Borne to realms of happiness,
As those who run may read,
I endowed with manliness,
As along we speed,
Feeling peace and blessedness,
Both satisfied indeed.

Harboring home's coziness,
Free from wanton greed,
We basking in life's brightness,
So listen as I plead!
Waiting for you in hopefulness,
Until my voice you'll heed,
It full of sweet joyfulness,
Like music from Pan's reed,
You endowed with comeliness,
So with joy we speed,
You my bride of blessedness—
Satisfied indeed!

MAN GIVEN POWER.

And God gave to man the power,
To read and run and seek His light,
Each day nearer Home—yes, every hour!
Trying to know what's Christian—what is right,
And over opinions one should not jour;
But live a life of pure delight,
Remembering no man can dower
The spirit of God's not kept in sight.
Who alone divine blessing can shower,
Through the daytime and at night,
Yet how many hide in Babel's tower,
And through heedless words, God's wisdom blight.

TO DUST RETURNS.

Dust the body is; to dust returns,
The soul to live; for heaven yearns,
So save the soul, lest it fail or burns,
And in this life live a life that earns,
More than mere ashes consigned to urns.

MAYOR KIEL, SAINT LOUIS.

Our Mayor's a shrewd man, we feel,
Who holds Saint Louis to his heart,
Who labors for her growth and weal,
Who has the gift, skill and art,
To develop, enrich and close each deal,
Knowing when big things to start,
And studies each sound appeal,
That would make her a greater mart.

He is not afraid to think and do,
Of value to this splendid town,
Seeking the broadest way and view,
He moving on! And won't sit down!
Blending the choicest of old and new,
Catching the incoming sound,
Of well laid plans, that at us flew,
Built now upon city ground.

The majority he does please,
Keeps the Metropolis on the boom!
And speaks with hope, faith, candor, care;
For busy business makes room,
And may the Mayor never cease,
But weave his good life upon God's loom,
And may our love for him increase,
Till called to glory and the tomb.

AN IMMUNE.

She's further off than New York,
Though she sleeps in the next room.
I a Yankee with pep and chalk,
But in boarding houses all would talk,
If attentions to her I'd assume.

Once in the hall we met one day,
But my tongue had to balk,
I anxious to learn my doom,
By asking her out for a pleasant walk,
But would she? Well, no, I presume.
If we could go just a block,
Then my hopes high up would loom!
If an excuse on her door to knock,
But she's from advances immune,
Though I'm a pebble from Plymouth Rock.

THE BAMBINO AT ROME.

Sacred Bambino—figure of Jesus!
You in the Carnival once a year,
The crowds around you, who surround you
To praise! Raise their voices and cheer!
This beautiful token of Christ, who hath spoken,
Of little children, to Him most dear!
The public more holy when the Bambino is near!
It and the Cross emblems of our Saviour,
It curing evils we no longer need fear!
As a look or a touch there on dries each tear;
Heals disorders and immoral conduct queer.
As the innocent Bambino moves by on its bier,
To bless the Faithful, strengthen those who to Rome
veer,
Thou child image of Jesus the immortal Seer.

WIN AN INNING.

From birth to death an odd, odd life!
While here we hunt a living,
We play life's game and meet its strife,
At times we take, then giving,
Taking a chance when things look ripe,
And roll our eyes to heaven.
And then next day we drift on broke,
Seeking financial leaven,
But then! How often by a stroke,
She turns up seven-eleven!
And then we rejoice we didn't croak!
But through some chance kept winning.

And while to some time's but a joke,
The most of us keep spinning,
So at sunrise don't skulk or poke,
Get up! But don't go sinning,
Just hitch up! hustle on your yoke,
And go from the beginning.

Be careful if there's too much smoke,
But keep the kettle singing,
And if of your duty it spoke,
Its call bell keep a-ringing,
For sturdy men, stout as the oak,
With them success a-bringing.

The wrath of God do not provoke!
Your pile made—keep it winging,
And as you bloat, more luck invoke,
The day you aim on winning,
While in silent tears losses soak,
But evils give a trimming.

PRAY FOR WOODROW WILSON.

O God, may repose over Woodrow Wilson creep!
This superb man who of ability is possessed,
Our ex-President, deserving peace and rest;
So grant this boon, God, and let him sleep!
He following Thee who knoweth best,
Thy watch and care this grand man from harm to keep,
He now and ever ascending the nation's crest,
And may he inspirations and blessings reap,
From out of the North, South, East and West.
And let him in Washington take restful rest!
Each night refreshed from slumbers deep,
He to meet each morrow's strain and test,
And live to an old age full of zest,
His soul soothed, though fierce storms sweep,
Over our country's sturdy breast,
He immune from the ills that leap
Over earth's pathways long or steep,
And may he not over past sorrows weep,
But be a guide when we are oppressed.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Tell us the sweet, sweet story,
Full of beauty, spiritual glory,
Through the long ages grown hoary,
Yet told each Christmas gay,
The story of Christ, His Mother Mary,
As He in a manger lay,
Bethlehem's Babel! Man's destiny to portray.

Tell us this true, true story,
Of purity!—Holy history,
That can never fade away.
Of Galilee, the Star, Joseph, wary,
Shepherds, Wise Men, with beards of gray,
Bringing gifts to this young King, homage to pay.

It now an old, old story,
The one of Jesus—His natal day,
He God's Son bearing LOVE, GLORY!
His mission left, we must obey.
Blessed Child of the Holy Ghost, the story,
It with the Virgin, the Bible doth say,
Creating our Saviour, born all hearts to sway.

Christ's life a sad, sad story,
He cross punished, yet plead sinners may,
Be REDEEMED and dwell in GLORY,
Satan our souls not to slay,
So Christ rose! To many a mystery,
Giving Himself a debt we should repay,
By tracing His footsteps ere we pass away.

While evergreen, holly, mistletoe,
For December twenty-fifth grow,
And the fir trees bow with snow,
Or hold gifts around the fire's glow,
Where Saint Nick and his reindeer go.

Note: All who bear the cross at times are punished, but the punishments redeem our souls and bring us in touch with God.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

Unknown! Not their deeds? That not so,
For before their graves we go,
There deepest respect to show,
To those who met their death-blow,
Each one a brave hero!
To whom our aching hearts flow,
Lying there where poppies grow,
Such known overhead we know!
So give them fame! Though lost their name!
They met and fought the foe,
Not knowing their names, a shame!
Yet we'll pay them the honors we owe.

A FAMOUS FABLE.

Here is a worthy fable, I'll say,
A dog once trotting along one day,
Was crossing a bridge o'er a stream,
With a nice juicy bone in his jaw,
His shadow reflected, and real it did seem,
So he wanted the bone that he saw,
It bigger and better every way,
Than what he held in his maw.
So he opened his mouth, his food fell away,
It gone beyond the reach of his paw,
And so foolish people very often may
Want shadows for substance and law.
It better we in metes and bounds stay,
Rather than follow some wild hurrah!
Or gamble our hard earnings at play,
Then die at last in the straw.
It no harm to be cheerful and gay!
With soda pop now and then at the bar,
But don't stay all night until morning mists gray,
And then stumble home in your car.
The shadows thick on your brain to lay,
You worse off than nothing—by far,
So let this fable do good, I pray,
As it's wisdom nobody can mar.

PAPER AND INK.

What is a scrap of paper?
On it words in ink,
Aglow as a wax taper,
A light to make one think!

Piercing like a rapier,
That into the mind can sink,
A miracle—magic caper,
To knowledge nod and wink.

ROBIN RED BREAST.

There's a robin's nest,
In a fir tree by the way,
Where robin bows his crest,
Hidden beneath a spray,
He trying his brave best,
To be happy and gay.

The sun asleep West,
Hid or down or gone away,
So robin takes his rest,
Awake at break of day,
Hailing the world, it blest!
In the warm month of May.

Oft Robin Red Breast,
His joy to us doth convey,
He with no woe oppressed!
His life a long play.
So he flies full of zest,
Out in the azure way.

Not being depressed,
No evil turning him gray,
Happy bird it confessed,
His instinct to obey.
Of God's love is a guest,
But with us likes to stay.

GOD'S COURT ON HIGH.

All hail this sacred final court,
Our Supreme Court on high!
No culprits from it can steal,
As there's a reason, a reason why!
And before its bar man's soul will feel
Jehovah there! Yes standing nigh!
Approaching His Throne, dependent kneel,
When He our case doth try.
And while mankind frames temporal laws,
Dare they with the Lord God's vie?
Architect of effect, cause—
Watching with an all-seeing eye.

God the founder of what is and was;
That through the ages flies,
Yea! The Father of all weal!
His judgments passed from out the skies,
Face to face at last with Him we'll deal,
No witness called—the Judge all-wise,
Each alone! And how small all to feel!
This to Him no surprise.
But Bible students, why do you dare,
Your neighbors' sentence devise?
Yes, the Omnipotent foreswear,
Who alone conditions can surmise.

Why oft condemn, the soul oppress?
It God's now, when we die,
In His heart our happiness!
On His love, good spirits to rely.
The widows and orphans He doth bless,
Helping sinners to pure laws tie.
So attend to this future in humbleness,
Of corruption keep shy.
Visiting those now held in duress,
Who when freed lower might lie,
Upon life's paths to soothe distress,
With a clear conscience, now, bye and bye.

ANN MORGAN OF NEW YORK

Out for greater incomes than riches or fame,
Pure herself, she wins lots from sin and shame,
And through her, as god-mother, virtue regain,
She glad when labor labors not in vain,
Visiting the poor again and again.
Her heart all love and its bountiful grain,
Born there, still there, and there to remain—
In this wonderful woman, always the same.

On society's wave, with outcasts, the lame,
A ripe helper, from a well balanced brain,
Royal in the World's War, helping bear its strain,
Pierpont Morgan's child, enhancing his name,
The whole globe's respect won, that it will retain,
While from follies, follies she doth abstain,
And though wealthy is modest and plain,
American fully, an elegant dame!

WITH YOU NO MORE.

And if I'm with you no more
The lot of the children of men,
I'll think of you o'er and o'er,
And what to me you have been.
I'll think of the dress that you wore,
The first time we met, where and when,
You the only one fit to adore,
So I longed for you again and again,
As you smiled from your eyes in your door,
When I passed along by, now and then.

But we'll meet on earth no more,
For death stills the bodies of men,
Yet think of me o'er and o'er,
What to you I might have been,
You keeping that dress that you wore,
Knowing where we first met and when,
And please, love, my memory adore!
And live so we meet again, yes again!
My spirit in God's open door,
Looking down on you, now and then.

MAN AND THE ROSE.

I have seen the rose in its beauty,
Spread its leaves to the morning sun,
And at night it lay dead upon its stalk.
I have met man full of power,
His earthly life begun,
Rejoicing in his strength and walk,
But when twilight shades were falling,
He was dying! That God's will,
Gone his mortal force, his mind, his skill.

At the grave he'd ceased his wand'ring,
No action left or heart-beat,
He had passed, when given the warning,
On to God's celestial street,
His spirit with the angels,
Heaven's flowers, bright and sweet,
Where no sorrow is nor crying,
But full happiness complete,
Souls forgiven at God's mercy seat.

Christ's pure bosom our retreat,
Fulfilled His promises undying,
If on earth we'd lived discreet,
Never more for old ties sighing,
When the Holy Land we greet.
From this vale of tears then flying,
Gone the sound of voice and feet,
From warm friends parted, when dying,
We sleeping beneath a winding sheet.

Note—I joined Adair Lodge No. 96, I. O. O. F., Kirkville, Mo., in June, 1900.

LIFE'S SHAME.

Life's shame! My God, why is this so?
Damned be they who strike the blow!
Who ruin girls and cast them low,
They like a Nero, cold as zero!
Their prey lost in sin's undertow,
Such disgraced and in woe!

Suffering as only the fallen know,
Debased, outcasts, no place to go.
While at them people contempt throw,
They coal-black now, once white as snow,
Drifting to Hades below.
Save them! Save them! Encouragement show!
To God's Home these weak ones tow,
Pull and haul, till reformations grow,
This is what the strong the weak owe,
Yet too many turn from their duty though.

REVERIES AND LORE.

Dear God, I thank Thee from my heart,
A heart now rarely sore,
As inspirations helped me start
My Reveries and Lore,
While in my pen I found an art,
Men's minds with thought to store.
A fluent gift that don't depart,
But thrills one to the core,
That travels on from mart to mart,
And points to heaven's shore.
The meek and humble, taking part,
With those pilgrim's who their cross bore.

Around about I cast my eye,
A splendid world I see,
And if I fail—again I try,
As God's eye watches me.
And so I laugh and cease to sigh,
Gone all my misery,
As I study the bye and bye,
My soul! Eternity!
Where mystries are solved on high!
Unsolved here, why ask why?
Yet wondering more, don't rely
On God's Son's love, nearer than nigh!

Ah! God! The marvel of it all!
But manifest and true.
For the wee sparrows cannot fall,

Unknown, Father, to you.
And in your hands lie great and small,
Flowers, verdure, you strew;
Forest trees gigantic and tall;
Man—beast—bird, all that crawl,
Things of the deep we rarely view,
On this terrestrial ball,
To each generation like new,
It's future behind an unscaled wall.

I think, I rest contented, still
At night, day vanished, gone,
So thankful that as yet no ill,
Within my flesh is born,
That I yield to my Lord's will,
Yet beg one more sweet morn,
To behold nature; feel its thrill!
As I drift on and on.
My steps on the trail—climbing the hill,
That leads into a "New Dawn,"
Where earth's measures we cease to fill,
Our spirits saved—though oft much worn.

Harpists were wayfarers of old,
Sought castles, roads and moor,
From them song, verse and music rolled,
As Knights danced on the floor.
And if their garb was soiled they wore,
What they said, quoted, told,
Glad news, or sad? then many sore,
Telling of warriors cold.
Singing of tilts, hunting wild boar;
Describing love or gore,
These welcome in camp, hall or fold,
With lords paying their daily score.

And so I journey with my thoughts,
On the public highway,
Thinking of those who chose their lots,
As messengers in their day.
Oft meeting savants, and earth's sots,
The vapid, poor, the gay,
A few stay homes, around small cots,

Some toiling their way pay,
 Growing wiser—and some show blots,
 Weak brothers prone to stray,
 Yet starting, little tiny tots,
 That in the sunshine loved to play.
 Some folks are brittle as bismuth;
 Avoid them, of them steer clear,
 And now I will insert a truth,
 Do right and never fear!
 Cultivate worthiness forsooth,
 And angels will draw near.
 And fight demagogues nail and tooth,
 Where they too bold appear.
 Pray in your closet, home, church, booth,
 Be happy! Of good cheer!
 Upright in thought and not uncouth,
 With a bright eye and open ear.
 And parents you each hour must aim
 To educate each child,
 You much too often are to blame,
 When such are running wild.
 And if at birth life starts the same,
 Children leave home roofs mild,
 Seeking for society's flame,
 By strangers' wills beguiled;
 Sinking down in the depths of shame,
 As lewdness on them smiled,
 Deeming the home folks ways too tame,
 Who protests on evils had filed.
 Advocate there's a Supreme God,
 Who all conditions know,
 Who made an Adam out of sod,
 And beings high and low.
 The elements with power shod!
 Earth's bowels hid below,
 Other worlds who defined arcs trod.
 Happily! Without woe!
 While as God's children, let's accord
 Him service! Let it flow!
 We chastened by a divine rod,
 Which makes us better Christians grow.

Friendly hearth-fires keep burning,
The worker never scoff,
He has ambitions, a yearning,
If known your hat you'd doff.
This worthy citizen earning
To ward misfortune's off.
He to industry turning,
And its real backbone oft.
While he's saving, discerning,
At fate don't sniff or cough,
But information keeps learning,
Until equal to a college "Prof."

He loves that spot of Mother Earth,
Where Americans be,
Patriots who soon after birth,
Live to make inquiry.
Some to globe trot around its girth,
Here and there frequently,
Such men of energy and mirth,
Surmise and theory.
And while some do outclass their worth,
Some fail and grow weary,
And some suffer where there's a dearth,
Which gets lots down, out and leary.

God bless the world and people good!
Give them might where it's right,
Preserving a grand brotherhood,
And follow God's righteous Light,
Who sin's storms for mankind withstood,
Peace gained through a long fight,
We to follow it as we should,
And in Christ take delight,
The soul made better if we would!
Day breaking from its night,
Full spirituality understood,
As man acquires perfect insight.

Like waves crown a deep, restless sea,
As rivers start and end,
With no limit to loyalty,
Men do not break or bend.

But here I state casually,
Wild beasts each other rend,
While it takes great ability,
Factions, as one, to blend;
Where factions do miserably,
Refuse to comprehend;
That Liberty is harmony,
And justice, facts that forth I send.

The Nation craves advisors strong!
Public trusts don't betray,
Be true as steel, on wisdom long,
All despots dare to slay.
Point out, designate, what is wrong,
Let people have their say,
And not upon them use a thong,
But rule with just mercy!
Never letting a villain's prong,
Thrust weaklings far astray.
Then from World Leagues to prolong,
Sweet Peace and its mandates obey.

Conserve the products of the world,
Avoid false moves, ways dim,
Dodging deadly javelins hurled,
Sent forth with Satan's vim.
On policies that are but purled,
Purl, Spiced ale (Purled ie Spiced)
To add some future sin.
Like poison snakes they coiled and curled,
To dart their fangs within.
And never let our sails be furled,
While there are plotters grim,
Who like the Kaiser war wrongs whirled,
And sank big merchant ships so trim.

Off at sea pull a long, strong oar,
No where duty retire,
Until you rest forever more,
Tempting not thy "Sire's" ire!
Who condemns sin and its fierce roar,
Watching those gone higher,

Those down lower than before.
We of laws not to tire,
Yet to sidestep the dullard and boor,
Avoid thief and liar,
The gamblers, marplots, harlot's door,
And what leads to hell's endless fire.

Farmers need good stock, grain and seed,
The public sane thrift taught,
Hushing the cry of wanton greed,
Knowing goodness dieth not!
Allied countries moving with speed,
That worthy ways be sought,
Though the successful alone lead,
As those who fail can not.
Avoiding fields where heroes bleed,
Brave dead where they once fought.
World contentment a present need,
It by all mankind to be wrought!

Do make commerce safe, it command!
For World Peace sing and croon,
Frame codes that all can understand,
Each morning, night and noon.
And clasp and grasp each others' hand,
Fed by wealth's silver spoon,
Building enduring rock roads, grand,
And profit by each boon.
Leaving our footprints on the sand,
That many trace us soon,
Blending our people in one band,
Hearing the "Star Spangled Banner's" tune.

God forces suns to tour
Pathways circling each star,
He providing these must endure,
By motives none can bar.
That remain, sound, steadfast and pure.
Each sphere a monster car,
That our minds do attract and lure,
Wondering what they are,
As they travel through space secure,

Revolving without jar,
Strong, scientifically sure,
Some shining dim, they are so far.
Yet man to his God advances!
Light here—beyond this vale,
That souls here and there entrances,
It shining on each trail,
That disappears in distances,
Blest by the Holy Grail!
Known to ancient Knights with lances,
Who fought that Christ's last cup prevail.
While the harpists played for dances,
Urged man his future hail!
Angels near with happy glances,
Who on earth were sinful and frail.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Vanity of vanities, how short
The time with us mortals, you play.
We and thee emblems of naught!
Thee and we often cast away.
Many desires too dearly bought;
While little to others we do convey.
Often misled and in error caught,
Our duties to God hourly forgot!
For which we fully have to pay,
Yet for mercy it is well to pray!

Blessed is he who is by Christ taught!
From childhood days till old and gray.
Spiritual things well wrought,
Endure, are not cast away.
Abiding faith in God gladly sought,
By Protestants, those who Catholics stay,
The Hebrew who for Jehovah fought,
And all those who seek a Holy Way.
While in the grave our souls are not,
But in Heaven in Glory's array.

DEATH'S CALM.

And the blow from an arm,
Can bring on death's calm,
But in no way can man's palm,
Awaken the dead—or the dead alarm!
They at rest, past the confines of harm.

MOTHER'S DAY.

On Mother's Day tell their story!
Mothers tender, full of charms,
Angels here, in halls of glory!
We once held in mother's arms.

Mothers deserve tributes! Glowing
In their hearts God's love day by day,
Little children's varied wants knowing,
Until death takes mothers away.

Through their souls happiness flowing,
Which they shed along life's way,
Here and there devotedly going,
As they watch their babies play.

How sweet and dear was my mother!
Born pure! Pure through maidenhood,
Then betrothed to father, another,
Like God, who knew she was good.

Father and she one together!
They both doing what they could.
Hand in hand through foul and fair weather,
Real giants of fortitude.

The pink for Mother's Day gather,
This emblem wear, we all should!
Nothing sweeter! So I had rather,
As they show our gratitude.

HELP THE RACE!

Dare we still permit this famine?
Can we face its deep disgrace?
Can we dream of scrawny babies
And not to them turn our face?
Can we bank and hold a dollar?
Not nursing wretches, skeletons hollow!
Famished! Whose hungry eyes follow,
As we eat, revel and wallow,
Forgetting th' needs of the race.

O God! Why this constant horror?
While we have—or can borrow;
The starved! hungry! dead tomorrow!
God! such facts we must efface.
Dear friends, over seas they're starving!
While here God gives plenty and His grace.
So let's take greed by the collar!
Do! Don't waste, revel or wallow;
Go feed th' starving human race.

O, you say, "Here there is sorrow!"
Yes, it's here—every place.
But cash feeds lives 'till the morrow,
Holds some brother in the trace!
But, man, listen! a babe is crying!!
It needs food and your embrace,
So send dollars; stop the halloa!
As we eat, revel and wallow;
And rebuild the foreign race.

FIT AND FINE.

I feel the need of a glowing fire,
The love of a dear one to comfort me.
Who can help and plan through a desire,
To cheerful, useful and active be.
One who can look up higher,
And lead me over life's vast sea.

Some day whispering I'm to admire,
Little red lips lisping, "Daddy, dad-dee!"
And of such a life who ever could tire?
Not me! With my mate and family.
Ah! Oh! I crave now just to sit by her,
Holding wee babies upon my knee.

We to live by a stream near a hill,
In a green valley, a beautiful spot,
To wake up with health, strength and a thrill.
Touched by God's goodness, and wrong not to
Greeting the day with good will, (plot,
Our chores done, then to jog trot.

On to our town or over to mill,
Then back to sweet home in bed on the dot,
Happiness ours—that mature lives should fill.
We to avoid evils that rot,
Deaden, damn, and eventually kill!
Both fit and fine for the home guard's drill.

GENERAL GRANT.

Grant, the soldier and man!
A friend to friends was he,
A commander to command!
A hero great and mighty.
A Union General of notoriety,
The grandest in our land.
Once a President of ability,
That deep statesmanship manned.
No orator—moving silently;
But successful, what he planned.
An American, who valiantly,
Did deeds we understand,
A hero who lived rightly,
And into nobleness did expand,
On History's page a soldier, sightly,
The Civil War's fate in his hand.

EQUALS SOME DAY.

A wealthy man in his car rode by;
A poor man passing, who to live had to try,
Both known to God, watched by His eye!
But why this difference in station, why?
Yet don't argue, reason or seek a reply,
Or figure and study, odd reasons oft lie
At the base of facts. That one could vie
With Croesus, to riches cling and tie;
While the multitudes labor miserably die;
Give up the ghost! Drop off with a sigh,
Though be it stated God by both is nigh!
They equal sharers in the bye and bye,
If the poor and outcasts list to Christ's cry:
"Come unto Me!" And on the Bible rely.

HUSKS AND SWINE.

Honored and blest be those of our nation,
Who in their hearts prohibition now fancies,
That sobers drunkards to the end of the line.
Discarded intoxicants and brawls at dances,
Our people all sober and doing real fine!
While it is true some yet sigh for wet trances,
And would soon again use beer, whisky and wine.
But why not feel this amendment enhances,
The trend of our real selves towards the divine!
And keeps more lawfully your conduct and mine.

Women and babes not now driven crazy,
But each day, a joy day, full of bright sunshine.
For father and sons are working—not lazy,
And the wolf at the door so dead it don't whine.
So please acknowledge Prohibition's a daisy!!
And saves the hard cash that on good things we dine.
Learning of God, but not of drunkard's hazy,
And never for Sodom and Gomorrah pine!
Recalling some things in life were too slazy,
As you read of the lad who ate husks with the swine.

THEY ARE CHRISTIANS!

God bless the Roman Catholics,
To the world loyal and true!
Who love every inch of the Union,
And honor the Red, White and Blue.
They citizens, not plotting treason,
With Christ's love before their view.
Many trust the Pope for the reason,
That he—the Church—shows what to do!
Pointing to the Narrow Way without deviation,
And Christ's credentials, that carry on through!
Praying and guided by God's consecration,
On them, in the Old World and New.
So I pen this for your meditation
If a Protestant? As Catholics are Christians too.

STEPHEN A. GIRARD.

Do people recall Stephen A. Girard?
How oft are his deeds told by writers and bard?
When will the world call him noble? Toiler hard,
Who founded a college where the poor isn't barred,
While as a churchman he never starved.
His institution gives free education
In Philadelphia, a town of the nation.
Diplomas assigned at graduation,
No dogmas there or religious dictation,
Just study and investigation.
Girard was an infidel? That a shame!
But don't slander him, he left aid for life's game.
A kind man, but odd, why him for that blame?
But few thrifty misers now doing the same.
Yet "Hobo" James Eads Howe helps, God bless his name!
Gold for Stephen A. Girard had a lure!
He wanted to leave the young a boon to endure,
So chose knowledge. Acquired, it's safe and sure.
So he left a will and money to secure
Learning to youths financially poor.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

A bright windowed white school house

On a hillside by a road in the woods doth stand,
Where school directors for its good planned,
Watched barefoot boys, girls in neat hoods,
They coming to school o'er township land.

While young pedagogues taught sturdy broods,
Helping frisky kids to understand,
That study formed studious moods.

Around wild flowers and goldenrod,

And a rod the students had to obey!
Full of authority keen and broad,
That got the scholars their lessons to say.
The pupils in book time in accord,
With desires—the rule of three to sway!
Getting report cards and a reward,
If bright and accurate day by day.

But citizens move round and about,

With deaths and sad changes, yes, a lot!
But trodden paths to school follow their route,
To the familiar knowledge box spot,
Where the youngsters play, swing, laugh and shout.
I not longer clerk there, no, I'm not,
Yet when I was I went about,
And wrote for State aid, our funds short.

Missouri rural schools fill her sod,

And those I knew worthy a crown!
While public measures are known to God,
Who with love on good school laws looks down.
My old neighborhood with good thoughts shod!
The backbone of country and town,
And while some have left and others plod,
Ozark folks are good folks, thank the Lord!

THE SEA GULLS.

The sea of my soul is bathed in light!
Its tides high and low by wise insight,
And in its ether I watch the flight
Of gulls that in flying take delight,
Up in the air from sunrise till night,
While on vessels masts many alight.

Then in the distance or coming nigh
In the mists of morn, the evening sky,
But on and on like spirits they fly!
And my thoughts follow as they pass by.
Holy messengers oft soaring high,
Sea gulls near ships as voyages they ply.

And when the time comes for me to die,
My breath ended, every sigh,
Facing death and God's all-seeing eye,
Angel gulls I'll meet in the bye and bye,
Resting or winging whichever they try,
In my heart on my soul then to lie.

I a spirit gull happy and gay!
In heavenly skies to float and stay,
And I'll greet all, all winging my way.
And pray for them that they make God's bay.
That on sin's shores they don't again stray,
But with Christ the Pilot day by day.

He Captain, Master, Redeemer, King!
Who the saved to His last port doth bring.
While like sea gulls He spreads forth His wing,
His peace and joy on everything,
All craft anchored, to strong cables swing,
The high seas left, and the tempests sting.

PADDY LOVES HIMSELF.

Paddy is a wise guy!
Paddy is a wit,
But he's nursing now
Sore spots where some get hit.

It's Paddy loves Ireland!
Heart and soul and mit,
His sod now a free land,
Where in peace he'll sit.

The British Parliament
Likes this ev'ry bit!
Has released the Island,
That civil war may quit.

And the time is coming,
When Ireland—yes it!
Will Gaelic be humming,
The Irish fine and fit.

Ireland has self government, with Michael Collins,
Ireland's greatest Irishman, at its head now.

CAPE COD MEMORIES.

Cape Cod is an extended bent thumb land,
A thrifty hook arming the blue sea.
Ships, fish, some whales appearing near its strand,
Ancient mariners there and mariners to be,
Who a sea-faring life understand,
And gain wealth, fame and much prosperity.

They aftermaths of rough Puritan bands,
Who told false tales of Kidd's piracy.
While "Codders" now, as in the past make plans,
To live and learn and enjoy genial society.
The right to do right every man's!
Under American philosophy.

In Provincetown—to Puritans—a shaft stands!
Their deeds on it that the living see.
A firm, hardy people who their ships manned,
Innocent forebears of un-Puritan liberty.
Though they had with them some souls grand!
Who left descendants of high quality.

A few Portuguese came, on this side began,
Full of grit and stern activity,
Strong, passionate and quick, with cheeks of tan,
Settling on Cape Cod, New Bedford's vicinity,
Like their Columbus on the sea ran!
And brought their "Catholic divinity."

Note—"Un-Puritan liberty," present, personal and religious freedom would be too much for "Blue Law" founders. It would shock them.

FATHER WHITE.

My friend, "Father White,"
Is always polite!
A man I love to see.
An affinity right!
For God wants to fight,
And always is kind to me.

On him will alight
Power, insight and might,
A philanthropist, he.
While old Satan he'll spite,
To saints a delight,
He with God constantly.

On earth a real light!
Ever wise and bright,
And filled with saintly mercy.
To the Cross he holds tight,
To preach has the right,
Knowing salvation is free.

And let me recite
Ev'ry day and night,
Alleviates—calamity.
To the poor gives a bite;
And sermons can write,
Based on real divinity.

BE A SENATOR, PERSHING.

For a Senator, Pershing, that's the thing!
Give the General another day.
It will quash the party mush pot ring,
So let him in the limelight stay.
As to Missouri honor he'll bring,
So don't put a thing in his way.
On with Pershing! Hurrah! Let all sing:
"General Pershing—votes will repay:"
So into the arena his gauntlet fling,
And take this chance that might fade away.
While into line the ladies swing,
That in the Senate he will have a say.
Let's all stand up straight for Pershing!
Women take your knitting—please obey;
We'll back the General, to him cling!
As ev'ry heart he can sway;
And from present hard times take the sting,
So grasp his hand! Get bands to play!
Both rich and poor safe beneath his wing:
So forward, boys! to his trenches spring,
To oblivion—calamity fling!
Up and doing! For Pershing make hay;
Not a thing wrong with him—nothing!
So cheer for this man, a man ev'ry way.

TWENTY-FOUR KIDS?

I know the daddy of twenty-four kids,
Now what to that do you say?
And every hour one away skids,
When he has told the time of day.
And Old Daddy Time is the dad who bids
Them skid, as the youngsters pass away.
And their going he never forbids,
Though help might help this old-timer gray.
But he never insists or reopens closed lids,
Nor hunts lost hours gone astray.
While we learn of his didn'ts and his dids,
From stories and marks along life's way.

IT'S HUMAN.

Why do we long for it?
Why are we strong for it?
Why is it sought here and
there?

It raised Cain and Abel,
And that is no fable,
From Adam and Eve, the
first pair.

Why do we cling to it?
Why do we swing to it?
Men after mates sweet
and fair?

Girls needed lovable,
Gentle and gullible,
Willing to bear and for-
bear!

Why give a fig for it?
Why dance a jig for it?
Why marry? And by
marriage swear?

Why it's human love stable
From cellar to gable,
And suits healthy life to
a hair.

LOVE IS LOVE.

Everywhere love is love!
Along the shore, out at sea,
With God, us here, up
above!

The sweetest force of hu-
manity.

And though we be part ser-
pent, part dove,

It our souls toward God
doth shove,

Uniting our lives most hap-
pily.

BEHOLD, I COME!

Behold I come quickly,
My reward is with me,
To give men according
As their works shall be.

I'm Alpha, Omega,
Beginning and end,
The One positively,
The Father will send.

And he that is unjust
Is so from his will;
As are those all filthy,
To stay filthy still.

And he that is holy,
A grist in God's mill,
Noble, also righteous,
Who with hope souls fill.

Bright is a morning Star,
Glowing—to glow till;
Till the graves open up,
In vales on each hill.

CHRIST AND CAESAR.

Let us have a free press,
Free speech! and confess
No churches that religion
profess,

Can hold us in duress.
And if all things God doth
bless,

Man's laws, though God's?
are

Man's nevertheless!
And Christ taught their use-
fulness,

For on Caesar's coin (law)
he laid stress.

But go to Christ for bless-
edness!

TELL ME.

O, little one, please tell me,
Why you are so sad?
When I want to help thee
And try to make you
glad.

The stars now shining brightly,

Then why feel so bad?
O, sweetheart, please tell
me,
That I may make you
glad.

O, dainty one, please tell
me,
What it IS, that's bad?
With those ever near thee!
So glad! to make you
glad.

DO WE KNOW?

Do we know after death?
Will life vanished and
fled,
Find those whom we loved?
Yet who from us have
sped.

Will we dream and sleep on
In that cold, silent bed?
Feeling fond hands nightly,
Where no sunlight is shed.

The past and future dance,
The dead embrace the
dead?

When our spirits have gone
To their home over head.

Mankind returns to dust,

This a truth be it said:

But while this is true,

In the Bible I've read

That Jesus Christ died not;

But went above instead.

And so by faith we are
taught,

The Hereafter we'll wed.

HE LIFTS SHADOWS.

God loves to lift the shadows,

If they too darkly fall,

When a fierce tempest gathers

O'er earth's revolving
ball,

When the soul in frayed tatters,

Like the humble earth-
worm's crawl.

When on outcasts rain spatters,

In the storms that us ap-
pall.

Then Christ lifts the shadows.

The elements overhaul,

Yes, even counts the spar-
rows,

Knows all things—indeed
all!

WHY BE IDLE?

Why be idle?
Why long for slumber?
Why floating on down the
stream?
Idleness the earth encumbers
It unworthy of esteem.

Why be idle?
A dead back number?
Why live on in a mere
dream?
Be a bright light, not loud
thunder,
But rise and shine, a sun-
beam.

Don't be idle!
Old knotty lumber,
The riven rock's crumbling
seam.

Exercise! Develop the lum-
bar,
"Play ball!" play with a
big team!

Then why idle?
Awake! Don't slumber!
Be at last worthy of esteem.
No more a circus tumbler,
But going fast way up the
stream.

TWO WITH YOU.

"When you laugh,
The world laughs with you;
When you weep,
You weep alone."
While at feasts

Society cheers you,
But out and broke,
It meets you with a groan.

But a dog,
It will stay with you,
If your own.
Cross and hungry,
Wag its tail!
Or go hunt a bone,
Not contrary,
Though angry is your tone.

Like a Friend,
Who loves you, near you,
At God's throne!
This please comprehend:
He's with you,
Even to the end.
So for Him send,
As for all he'll atone.

I NEED HIS CARE.

"The Lord is my Shepherd!"
What are His needs or
want?

But I need His daily care,
To keep me from evils gaunt
That follows everywhere;

Till in green pastures I lie
With many Mansions there!
The still waters near by,
In a land where all is fair,
Beyond this earth and sky.

My sinful soul restored!
Then free as birds in the
air,
My precious Lord then
adored,

His mercy beyond compare!
Yet I suffered—and why?
Because at times I didn't
dare,

On Jesus Christ to rely!
Who ever doth forbear,
That mortals live though
they die;
A promise rich and rare.

LISTEN, WORLD!

O, listen, World!
What am I to thee?
How much am I seeing,
How often agreeing,
With real life in the world
That's given us graciously.
Do listen, World!
What's our destiny?
Why oft in sin fleeing,
With God disagreeing,
Nor grasping from the world
Blessings and affinity.
So listen, World!
Thy dust within me!
My structure, well being,

Till death, my soul freeing,
Then enters a world
Where there's no earth, air
or sea.

LOSS AND GAIN.

O, how plain!
There's loss, gain,
Sunshine, rain,
Joy and pain.
Sad refrain!
In man's brain,
Adam's stain,
Cleansel abstain.
Good regain!
Love sustain.
Never feign!
Justly reign.
Man oft vain!
Life a strain,
To remain,
Like death's bane.
Hope retain!
Faith maintain,
Christ obtain!
Live again!!

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

Just a word describing love,
Which through the will of God came.
The rarest jewel on earth and above,
The sweetest prize in nature's game,
Ours by right—and never a shame!
Its tenderness shown in the cooing dove,
Whose nature and love's act the same.
Though the loveless deem it a bane!
And its tenets the lustful profane,
From them its pure virtue shove,
But may such forgiveness obtain,
And end their days in the Kingdom of Love.

A DANDY, HE AM!

God loves him, de niggar!
Yes sah! He shore a figgar,
An' foxy roun' his Mary Ann.
In a plug hat he's biggar
Dan de Mississippi ribbar,
An' in full dress can dance—he can!
A black an' tan darky, frisky ram.
His white eye balls flickar,
Sparkle like ole likkar,
A clogger on his feet, white man!
In winter has ter shivvar,
In summer runs a flivvar,
An' hangs on to his fancy fan!
She a chicken an' he knows she am!

MEDAL WINNERS

He oft called Mistar Tar!
Looks in fact like a cigar,
Yer cullerd brudder, an' wooly lam.
Abe Lincoln was a slicker!
Turned nigs loose on jobs to dikkah,
An' gave him a chance with Uncle Sam.

A soldier of viggar,
A pulling on de triggar,
In Europe, through the World War's jam.
Front liner, and dirt diggar!
A fighter! So don't you sniggar!
He handy all 'round as a Texan!

MEET ME, DARLING.

Meet me, precious darling!
On me smile—if free?
Life's tangled skein unsnarling
As my affinity.

Come forever, dearest!
Yes, come unto me,
You in my soul the nearest,
Sweet queen of loyalty.

You, indeed, the fairest!
In society.
Of all its gems the rarest!
A truth known perfectly.

This I now declaring!
On my bended knee,
My name you can be wearing!
As it I offer thee.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore.
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine forever more."
And by their light our souls are led,
On and on through God's open door.
Author of all, indeed their head,
From Time's start and long before.

And for us His Son's blood was shed!
Whose heart for sinners' sins was sore,
To sorrow His earthly life was wed,
And a cross of woe He bore.
The Saviour who wipes off our score,
And prays that we Jehovah adore!
His pleading invocations said,
That man's virtue God restore.

On Calvary three brought—two bled!
As love alone from Christ's side did pour.
There resurrected from the dead!
And then Glory's crown He wore!
And so above man's spirits tread,
Full of gladness and holy lore,
While Thanksgiving feasts are fed,
With deep blessings o'er and o'er.
Note: Quoted lines are by Edward Bulwer Lytton.

INDEX TO HAPPY THOUGHTS.

	Title	Page
Interesting Letters	AN ORPHAN'S PRAYER.....	42
Introducing Happy Thoughts.. 3	Raisins and Santa	43
MASSACHUSETTS	Powder Makes Heroes.....	43
The Mysterious Sea.....	The Soul	44
The Rose	The Real Estate Man.....	44
The First Night.....	TENNESSEE	45
Keep on Knitting.....	The Man Never Kissed.....	46
What About That?.....	Nantucket	47
THE LATE CHAMP CLARK.. 7	Satisfied Indeed	48
The Blacksmith's Son.....	Man Given Power	48
"Sweet Daddy"	MAYOR KIEL, ST. LOUIS.....	49
Christmas-Tide	To Dust Returns	49
Yankee Land	An Immune	49
Immortal Seed	The Bambino at Rome.....	50
Marion, Mass.	Win an Inning	50
Wellesley, Mass.	PRAY FOR WILSON.....	51
Monterey	Christmas Day	52
The Wee Weantit	A Famous Fable	53
Rip Van Winkles	The Unknown Dead	53
Monhegan	Paper and Ink	54
Looking Back	Robin Red-Breast	54
Asleep in Jesus.....	God's Court on High.....	55
The City Police.....	Ann Morgan of New York.....	56
The Prize Hen.....	With You No More.....	56
The May King.....	Man and the Rose.....	57
Thought a River.....	Life's Shame	57
THE PRESIDENT'S LADY.. 20	REVERIES AND LORE.....	58
Washington and His Times.....	Vanity of Vanities	64
Reasonable Service	Death's Calm; Mother's Day.....	65
The Clock in the Spire.....	Help the Race; Fit and Fine.....	66
God's Call	General Grant.....	67
There Was A—.....	Husks and Swine; Equals.....	68
Illinois	ARE CHRISTIANS	69
THE SPIRIT OF '76.....	Stephen A. Girard	69
Death Calls	The School House	70
Easter	Sea Gulls; Paddy.....	71
The Jew's Request.....	Cape Cod Memories	72
KENTUCKY	Father White	73
Books	For Senator Pershing	74
Birds in May	Twenty-four Kids	74
ICWA	It's Human; Love; I Come.....	75
Just Memory Left.....	Christ and Caesar.....	75
TEXAS	Tell Me; Do We Know.....	76
Two Little Shoes.....	He Lifts Shadows	76
Once Ours	Why Idle; Two With You.....	77
MAINE, PINE TREE STATE.. 36	I Need His Care.....	77
Yes, She Knows.....	Listen World; Loss, Gain.....	78
Vagrancy Nightmare.....	Love's Kingdom	78
James Whitcomb Riley.....	A Dandy He Am.....	79
Watch Your Step	Medal Winners	79
Up From Boston	Meet Me, Darling	79
The Potato	There Is No Death.....	80
Evelyn		
The Sweeper.....		



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 350 898 2

